

# THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

A Family Newspaper--Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusement, &c.

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## Poetry.

### THE FACTORY CHILD.

'Twas on a winter's morning,  
The weather wet and wild,  
Three hours before the dawning,  
The father roused his child.  
Her daily morsel bringing,  
The darkness room he paced,  
And cried "The bell is ringing,  
My helpless darling haste."  
"Father, I'm up—but weary,  
I scarce can reach the door;  
And long the way, and dreary,  
Oh! carry me once more.  
To help us we've no mother,  
And you have no employer;  
They kill'd my little brother,  
Like him I'll work and die!"  
Her wasted form seemed nothing,  
The load was at his heart,  
The sufferer he kept soothing,  
Till at the mill they part.  
The overloaker met her,  
As to her frame she crept,  
And with his through he beat her,  
And cursed her while she wept.  
Alas! what hours of horrors  
Made up her latest days,  
In toil and pain and sorrow,  
They slowly passed away.  
It seemed as she grew weaker,  
The threads the outer broke,  
The rapid wheels ran faster,  
And heavier fell the stroke.  
The sun had long descended,  
But night brought no repose,  
Her day began and ended  
As cruel tyrants chose,  
At length a little neighbor,  
Her halfpenny she paid,  
To take her last hour's labor,  
While by her frame she laid.  
At last the engine ceasing,  
The captives homeward rushed,  
She thought her strength increasing,  
'Twas hope her spirits flushed.  
She left—but off she started,  
She fell and rose no more,  
Till by her comrades cried,  
She reached her father's door.  
All night with tortured feelings,  
He watched his speechless child,  
While close beside her kneeling,  
She knew him not, nor smiled.  
Again the factory's ringing,  
Her last perception tried,  
When from her straw bed springing,  
"Tis time!" she shrieked and died.  
That night a chariot past her,  
While on the ground she lay,  
The daughters of her master,  
An evening visit pay.  
Their tender hearts were sighing,  
As negro wrongs were told,  
While the white slave was dying,  
Who gained their fathers gold.

### A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

"By Jove! Dick, I'm nearly done up."  
"So am I. Did any one ever see such a confounded forest, Charley?"  
"I am not alone weak, but hungry.—Oh for a steak of mutton, with a bottle of old red wine to wash it down!"  
"Charley! beware. Take care how you conjure up such visions in my mind. I am already nearly starving, and if you increase my appetite much more will it go hard with me if I don't dine off of you. You are young, and Bertha says you're tender."  
"Heard, she meant. Well, so I am, if loving Bertha be any proof of it. Do you know, Dick, I have often wondered that you, who love your sister so passionately, were not jealous of her attachment to me."  
"So I was, my dear fellow, at first—furiously jealous. But then I reflected that Bertha must one day or the other marry, and that I must lose my sister, so I thought it better that she should marry my old college chum and early friend, Charley Costar, than any one else. So you see there was a little selfishness in my calculations, Charley."  
"Dick, we were friends at school, and friends at college, and I thought at both those places that nothing could shorten the link that bound us together, but I was mistaken. Since my love for, and engagement to your sister, I feel as if you were fifty times the friend that you were before. Dick, we three will never part!"  
"So he married the king's daughter, and they all lived together as happy as the days are long," shouted Dick with a laugh, quoting from a nursery tale.  
The foregoing is a slice out of the conversation with which Dick Linton and myself endeavored to beguile the way, as we tramped through one of the forests of Northern New York. Dick was an artist, and I was a sportsman, so when one fine autumn day he announced his intention going into the woods for a week to study Nature, it seemed to me an excellent opportunity for me to exercise my long and trigger-finger at the same time. Dick had some backwoods friend who lived in a log-hut on the shore of Eckford Lake, and there we determined to make our quarters. Dick, who said he knew the forest thoroughly, was to be

the guide, and we accordingly, with our guns on our shoulders, started on foot from Root's, a tavern known to tourists, and situated on the boundaries of Essex and Warren counties. It was a desperate walk; but as we started by daylight, and had great faith in our pedestrian qualities, we expected to reach the nearest of the Eckford lakes by nightfall. The forest through which we traveled was of the densest description. Overhead the branches of spruce and pine shut out the day, while beneath our feet lay a frightful soil, composed principally of jagged shingle, cunningly concealed by an almost impenetrable brush. As the day wore on, our hope of reaching our destination grew fainter, and I could almost fancy, from the anxious glances that Dick cast around him, that in spite of his boasted knowledge of the woods he had lost his way. It was not, however, till night actually fell, and that we were both sinking from hunger and exhaustion, that I could get him to acknowledge it.  
"We're in a nice pickle, Master Dick," said I, rather crossly, for an empty stomach does much to destroy a man's natural amiability. "Confound your assurance that led you to set up as a guide. Of all men painters are the most conceited!"  
"Come, Charley," answered Dick, good humoredly, "there is no use in growling so loudly. You'll bring the bears and panthers on us if you do. We must make the best of a bad job, and sleep in a tree."  
"It's easy to talk my good fellow. I'm not a partridge, and don't know how to roost on a bough."  
"Well, you'll have to learn, then; for if you sleep on the ground, the chances are ten to one but you will have the wolves snubbing at your toes before day-light."  
"I'm hanged if I do either!" said I, desperately. "I am going to walk all night, and I'll drop before I'll lie down."  
"Come, come, Charley, don't be a fool!" "I was a fool only when I consented to let you assume the role of guide."  
"Well, Charley, if you are determined to go, let it be so. We'll go together. After all, it's only an adventure."  
"I say, Dick, don't you see a light?"  
"By Jove, so we do! Come, you see Providence intervenes between us and wolves and hunger. That must be some squire's hut."  
The light to which had so suddenly called Dick's attention was very faint, and seemed to be about half a mile distant. It glimmered through the dark branches of the hemlock and spruce trees, and weak as the light was, I failed it as a mariner without a compass hails the star by which he steers. We instantly set out in the direction of our beacon. In a moment it seemed as if all fatigue had vanished, and we walked as if our muscles were as tense as iron, and our joints oily as a piston-rod.  
We soon arrived at what in the dusk seemed to be a clearing of about five acres, but it may have been larger, for the tall forest rising up round it must have diminished its apparent size, giving it the appearance of a square pit rather than a farm. Toward one corner of the clearing we discovered the dusky outline of a log-hut, through whose single end window a faint light was streaming. With a sigh of relief we hastened to the door and knocked. It was opened immediately, and a man appeared on the threshold. We explained our condition, and were instantly invited to walk in and make ourselves at home. All our host said he could offer us were some cold Indian corn cakes, and a slice of dried deer's flesh, to all of which we were heartily welcome. These viands in our starving condition were luxurious to us, and we literally revelled in anticipation of a full meal.  
The hut into which we had so unceremoniously entered was of the most poverty-stricken order. It consisted of but one room, with a rude brick fire-place at one end. Some deer-skins and old blankets stretched out by way of a bed at the other extremity of the apartment, and the only as visible were two sections of a large pine trunk that stood close to the fire-place. There was no vestige of a table, and the rest of the furniture was embodied in a long Tennessee rifle that hung close to the rough wall.  
If the hut was remarkable, its proprietor was still more so. He was, I think, the most villainous looking man I ever beheld. About six feet two inches in height, proportionally broad across the shoulders, and with a hand large enough to pick up a fifty-six pound shot, he seemed to be a combination of extraordinary strength and agility. His head was narrow, and oblong in shape. His straight Indian-like hair fell smoothly over his forehead as if it had been plastered with soap. And his black, bead-like eyes were set obliquely, and slanted downward toward his nose, giving him a mingled expression of ferocity and cunning. As I examined his features attentively, in which I thought I could trace almost every bad passion, I confess I experienced a certain feeling of apprehension and distrust that I could not shake off.  
While he was getting us the promised food, we tried, by questioning him, to draw him into conversation. He seemed very taciturn and reserved. He said he lived entirely alone, and had cleared the spot he occupied with his own hands. He said

his name was Joel; but when we hinted that he must have some other name, he pretended not to hear, though I saw his brows knit, and his small black eyes flash angrily. My suspicions of this man were further aroused by observing a pair of shoes lying in the corner of the hut, or than those that our gigantic host wore, and yet he had distinctly replied that he lived entirely alone. If those shoes were not his, whose were they? The more I reflected on this circumstance the more uneasy I felt, and apprehensions were still further aroused, when Joel, as he called himself, took both our fowling-pieces, and in order to have them out of the way, as he said, hung them on crooks from the wall, at a height that neither Dick or I could reach without getting on a stool. I smiled, inwardly, however, as I felt the smooth barrel of my revolver that was slung in the hollow of my back, by its leather belt, and thought to myself, if this fellow has any bad designs, the more unprotected he thinks us the more incursions he will be, so I made no effort to retain our guns. Dick also had a revolver, and was one of those men who I knew would use it well when the time came.  
My suspicions of our host grew at last to such a pitch that I determined to communicate to Dick. Nothing would be easier than for this villainous half-breed—for I felt convinced he had Indian blood in him—nothing would be easier than, with the aid of an accomplice, to cut our throats or shoot us while we were asleep, and so get our guns, watches, and whatever money we carried. Who, in those lonely woods, would hear the shot, or hear our cries for help? What misery of the law, however sharp, could point out our graves in those wild woods, or bring the murder home to those who committed it? Linton at first laughed; then grew serious; and gradually became more a convert to my apprehensions. We hurriedly agreed that, while one slept the other should watch, and so take it in turns through the night.  
Joel had surrendered to us his couch of deer-skin and his blanket; he, himself, said he could sleep quite as well on the floor, near the fire. As Dick and I were both very tired, we were anxious to get our rest as soon as possible. So, after a hearty meal of deer-steak and tough cakes, washed down by a good draught from our handy flask, I being the younger, got the first hour's sleep, and flung myself on the couch of skins. As my eyes gradually closed, I saw a dim picture of Dick seated sternly watching by the fire, and the long shape of the half-breed stretching out like a huge shadow upon the floor.  
After what I could have sworn to be only a three minute doze, Dick woke me, and informed me that my hour was out, and turning me out of my warm nest, lay down without any ceremony, and in a few seconds was heavily snoring. I rubbed my eyes, felt for my revolver, and seating myself on one of the pine-stumps, commenced my watch. The half-breed appeared to be buried in a profound slumber, and in the half-veiled light cast by the wood embers, his enormous figure seemed almost Titanic in its proportions. I confess I felt that in a struggle for life he was more than a match for Dick and myself. I then looked at the fire, and began a favorite amusement of mine—shaping forms in the embers. All sorts of figures defined themselves before me. Battles, tempests at sea, familiar faces, and above all, shone, ever returning, the dear features of Bertha Linton, my affianced bride. She seemed to me to smile at me through a burning haze, and I could almost fancy I heard her say, "While you are watching in the lonely forest I am thinking of you, and praying for your safety."  
A slight movement on the part of the slumbering half-breed here recalled me from those sweet dreams. He turned on his side, lifted himself slowly on his elbow, and gazed attentively at me. I did not stir. Still retaining my stooping attitude, I half closed my eyes, and remained motionless. Doubtless he thought I was asleep, for in a moment or two he rose noiselessly, and creeping with a stealthy step across the floor, passed out of the hut. I listened—Oh, how eagerly! It seemed to me that, through the imperfectly joined crevices of the log-walls, I could plainly hear voices whispering. I would have given worlds to have crept nearer to listen, but I was fearful of disturbing the fancied security of our nest, so I now felt certain had sinister designs upon us. So I remained perfectly still. The whistling suddenly ceased. The half-breed re-entered the hut in the same stealthy way in which he had quitted it, and after giving a scrutinizing glance at me, once more stretched himself upon the floor and attempted to sleep. In a few moments I pretended to a sleep—yawned, looked at my watch, and finding that my hour had more than expired, proceeded to wake Dick. As I turned him out of bed I whispered in his ear, "Don't take your eyes off that fellow, Dick. He has accomplices outside; be careful!" Dick gave a meaning glance, carelessly touched his revolver, as much as to say, "Here's something to interfere with his little arrangements," and took his seat on the little pine stump, in such a position as to command a view of the sleeping half-breed and the doorway at the same time.

This time, though horribly tired, I could not sleep. A horrible load seemed pressing on my chest, and every five minutes I would start up to see if Dick was keeping his watch faithfully. My nerves were strung to a frightful pitch of tension; at every sound, my head seemed to throb until I thought my temples would burst. The more I reflected on the conduct of the half-breed, the more assured I was that he intended murder. Full of this idea, I took my revolver from its sling, and held it in my hand, ready to shoot him down at the first movement that appeared at the dangerous. A haze seemed now to pass across my eyes. Fatigued with long watching and excitement, I passed into that semi-conscious state, in which I seemed perfectly aware of everything that passed, although objects were dim and dull in outline, and did not appear so sharply defined as in one's waking moments. I was apparently roused from this state by a slight crackling sound. I started, and raised myself on my elbow. My heart almost ceased to beat at what I saw. The half-breed had lit some species of dried herbs, which sent out a strong aromatic odor as it burned. This herb he was holding directly under Dick's nostrils, who I now perceived, to my horror, was wrapped in a profound slumber. The smoke of this mysterious herb appeared to deprive him of all consciousness, for he rolled gently off of the pine log, and lay stretched upon the floor. The half-breed now stole to the door, and opened it gently. Three sinister heads peered out of the gloom. I saw the long barrels of rifles, and the huge brawny hands that clasped them. The half-breed pointed significantly to where I lay with his long bony finger, then drawing a large, thirsty-looking knife from his breast, moved towards me. The time was come. My blood stopped—my heart ceased to beat. The half-breed was within a foot of my head; the knife was raised; another instant and it would have been buried in my heart, when, with a hand as cold as ice, I lifted my revolver, took deadly aim, and fired!  
A stunning report, a dull groan, a huge cloud of smoke curling around me, and I found myself standing upright, with a dark mass lying at my feet.  
"Great God! what have you done, Sir?" cried the half-breed, rushing toward me. "You have killed him! He was just about to wake you."  
I staggered against the wall. My senses, until then immersed in sleep, suddenly recovered their activity. The frightful truth burst upon me in a flash. I had shot Dick Linton while under the influence of a night-mare! Then everything seemed to fade away, and I remembered no more.  
There was a trial, I believe. The lawyers were learned, and proved by physicians that it was a case of what is called *Somnambulism*, or sleep-drunkness; but of the proceedings I took no heed. One form haunted me, lying black and heavy on the hut floor; and one pale face was ever present—a face I saw once after the terrible catastrophe, and never saw again—the wild, despairing face of Bertha Linton, my promised bride.

### Ohio Congressional Election.

The Congressional result in this State is as follows:  
First District—Pendleton, Democrat; gain.  
Second—Groesbeck, Democrat; gain.  
Third—Contested. Campbell will probably get the certificate, but Vallandigham, Democrat, the seat.  
Fourth—Nichols, Republican.  
Fifth—Mott, Republican.  
Sixth—Cockerill, Democrat; gain.  
Seventh—Hartman, Republican.  
Eighth—Stanton, Republican.  
Ninth—Hall, Democrat; gain.  
Tenth—Miller, Democrat; gain.  
Eleventh—Horton, Republican.  
Twelfth—Cox, Democrat; gain.  
Thirteenth—Sherman, Republican.  
Fourteenth—Bliss, Republican.  
Fifteenth—Burns, Democrat; gain.  
Sixteenth—Tompkins, Republican.  
Seventeenth—Lawrence, Dem.; gain.  
Eighteenth—Leiter, Republican.  
Nineteenth—Wade, Republican.  
Twentieth—Giddings, Republican.  
Twenty-first—Bingham, Republican.  
This a gain certainly of eight in the State, and with a successful contest against Campbell, of NINE CONGRESSMEN IN OHIO.  
There is no doubt that Mr. Vallandigham is elected by the votes of the legal electors. Mr. Campbell's apparent majority of nineteen is made up by negroes who have no right to vote under the Constitution, its provision being "white male citizens of the United States." Some 40 negroes are known to have voted for Campbell, in plain defiance of the Constitution. In this connection we heard a good story of Campbell, from Mr. Josiah Carnitz, of this city, who was yesterday in a barber shop at Hamilton when Campbell came in, and a conversation was held between him and the negro occupants, both of whom admitted that they voted for him, Campbell. One of the negroes remarked that the result showed what a few negroes could do. Campbell thanked them for their support, and said that he did not desire any better votes. We had this from Mr. Carnitz's own lips.—*Examiner.*

### The Two Fremonts.

Which Fremont is it?  
Can't tell one from 't'other;  
Least you might mistake,  
Do't you vote for either.  
Greeley, Beecher, and that dog Noble,  
Have found another Fremont so like the other that you can not tell 't'other from which. The whole Democratic press and party have been barking in the wrong hole. There are two Fremonts!  
One is as great a scape-grace as ever gambled in Mariposa stocks. The other is a pious Protestant, and a very proper young man and is going to be President some day if the reputation of that other Fremont does not ruin him.  
In the New York Tribune of Saturday last, as every body can see who will look into that venal sheet, will be found the following editorial announcement:  
"It appears by the pamphlet entitled 'Col. Fremont and a Roman Catholic,' which is published to-day at the Tribune office, that there are TWO FREMONTs. BOTH OF WHOM HAVE BELONGED TO THE ARMY; BOTH RESIDED IN WASHINGTON, THAT THAT FREMONT who is the candidate for President is not that Fremont who was in the habit of attending the Catholic Church."  
O shades of Shakespeare! Horace must have borrowed his characters from the fertile brain of the Bard of Avon:  
ANTONY.—I see two husbands, or my eyes deceive me.  
DECAR.—One of these men is genius to the other. And so of these. Which is the natural man? And which the Spirit? Who de-spairs thereof?  
DROMIO OF S.—I, Sir, am Dromio; command him away.  
DROMIO OF E.—I, Sir, am Dromio; pray let him stay.  
—Comedy of Errors.  
In another part of the Tribune we find that the pamphlet in which the discovery was set forth is for sale at the Tribune office; and Mr. Greeley says in relation to it, that for "several months past letters have been pouring in by thousands, begging for something conclusive on the question whether Fremont is or ever has been a Roman Catholic. The pressure has become so great that we have finally issued a pamphlet on the subject which completely settles it. Now all those who have been so much in want of such a document can be accommodated. Price \$3 per thousand."  
Thus the whole question in dispute about Fremont is to be completely disposed of; and all his followers "accommodated" by the story that there are two Fremonts.  
Nothing so ingenious in politics, says the Argus, has been invented since the facile hand of a well known politician, by a dexterous clip of the scissors, converted the body of Timothy Monroe into a "good enough Morgan" till after election."  
It is twenty-five years since the two dead Morgans were invented; and now we have two live Fremonts in their place! Is not this development? The hand that clipped the whiskers of the dead Morgans into resemblance, has parted the hair of the living Fremonts in the middle, so that the most practised eye cannot tell them apart. Is not that progress?  
Yes, there are two Fremonts. One was expelled from school, arrested for debt, court-martialed, cashiered, fought duels, brought in exorbitant bills against the government, fustified a Senator, was a Romanist, and a rascal. That is another man altogether from the one that Weed, Greeley & Co. are running for office. That one is a most extemperate person, who rose in rank without patronage, is honest and truthful, a pious Protestant in practice, a statesman by intuition, a champion of freedom by inspiration.  
We understand that the Fremont who is kept under lock and key by our friend Isaac Sherman, Esq., is the false Fremont. The real "Simon Pure" has been placed under the charge of Col. Abel.  
For some time there was great doubt as to which Fremont was the actual one; and many "friends of Freedom" are continually in perplexity, to distinguish them apart. Adopting the rule of "Sosis," in the place of Moliere:  
Le veritable Amphitryon  
Est l'Amphitryon on Pandine—  
It was decided that the true Fremont was the one that holds the Mariposa grants, in whose shares the political speculators have ventured.  
Yes, there are two Fremonts. One of them gave the pledges to the Know Nothing Committee that secured the nomination of the American Convention. The other gave the pledge to the Germans against any alteration of the naturalization laws!  
Yes, there are two Fremonts! The proverb says that "all cats are gray in the dark;" and in the blackness of abolitionism it is impossible to distinguish the two Republican brothers apart!  
Yes, there are two Fremonts! But the difficulty arises, which, after election, will be sworn-in? Dumas is one of his novels, represents his heroes as attempting to place the Man in the Iron Mask on the throne of Louis XIV., whom he resembled so closely as to deceive all ordinary eyesight. The true Fremont parts his hair in the middle; but the political barbers have done as much for prototype. We would not trust Jessie with such a question, but we know a Nose of such infallible instinct and penetration that it will detect the owner of the Mariposa title, at an immeasurable distance. Let Mr. Weed tell

us which is "the good enough Fremont till after the election," and which the real one; and doubt will cease.  
But this dual unity in politics will not be elected. Another destiny is in store for him. When the November contest is over, Mr. Greeley will bring him out on the Bowery boards, and the drama of the "Fremont Brothers" will supplant that of the "Caribbean Brothers" in its wondrous popularity. Barnum will restore his fortunes by exhibiting these new Siamese twins. Instead of the White House, the Fremonts will receive the public ovation in the several museums and exhibition rooms of the Union, and neither shall have precedence; but shall take example of the two Dromios, as described by Shakespeare.  
Fremont 1st.—Methinks you are my glass and I not my brother.  
I see by you I am a sweet faced youth.  
Will you walk in to see them gossipping.  
Fremont 2d.—Not I, sir, you are my elder.  
Fremont 1st.—That's a question. How shall we try it?  
Fremont 2d.—We will draw cuts for the senior, then, then lead first.  
Fremont 1st.—Nay then thus (taking his hand).  
We came into the world like brother and brother,  
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.  
For the Spirit of Democracy.  
Warren's Minstrel.  
This is the title of a very neatly executed work on sacred music, by J. S. Warren, olive, Noble county, Ohio; published by J. H. Riley & Co., Columbus Ohio.  
I have examined the work with some care, and can therefore recommend it to singing societies, church choirs and families, as possessing the first qualities in poetry and musical compositions. He has evinced, in this selection, an unusual care in introducing only such matter as would be acceptable to the purest minds—the lovers of sacred poetry and finished musical compositions.  
AN AMATEUR.  
Lives of Fremont.  
Rev. Mr. Upham, of Massachusetts, has elaborated the life of the Abolition candidate for the Presidency. "Parke Godwin, or John Bigelow, of the Evening Post, has done him the same good turn, and we believe there is one by the *Herald*, Mr. George Wm. Curtis, besides smaller and less pretentious brochures, the object of which is to take the life of "the Pathfinder" who, it would now appear, has as many lives as a cat.  
But the most terse, succinct and comprehensive of them all is one which we find in the New York Express. It is a very model of concise biography.  
John C. Fremont is a rash, venturesome, unsafe and inexperienced young man.—Mistaken, because his life has been a life of mutiny and resistance to established authority. He could not get through college without expulsion.—He could not get married without an elopement. He could not serve in the Senate seventeen days without a fight with a brother Senator for words spoken in debate. He could not be an officer in the army without being court-martialed and found guilty of mutiny and disobedience of orders.  
Modern Definitions.  
Hard times—Setting on a cold grindstone and reading the presidents' Messages.  
Love—a little world within itself, intimately connected with shovel and tongs.  
Progress of time—A pedlar going through the land with wooden clogs.  
Politician—A fellow that culls all his knowledge from borrowed newspapers.  
Rigid Justice—Juror on a murder case fast asleep.  
Friend—One who takes your money and turns you out of doors.  
Honesty—Obsolete; a term formerly used in the case of a man who had paid for his newspapers and the coat on his back.  
Independence—Owing fifty thousand dollars which you never intend to pay.  
Lovely Women—An article manufactured by milliners.  
"Who want but little here below."  
Dandy—A thing in pantaloons, with a body and two arms—a head without brains—tight boots—a cane—a white handkerchief—two brooches, and a rug on his little finger.  
Coquette—A young lady with more beauty than sense—more accomplishments than learning; more charms of person than graces of mind—more admirers than friends—more fools than wise men for attendants.  
Credit—A wise provision by which constables get a living.  
Benevolence—To take a dollar out of one pocket and put it into the other.  
To find out the number of children in a street, commence beating a bass drum. To find out the number of idle men, start a dog fight.  
The oldest mnemonic curiosity is, that a woman, who never knows her own age, knows to half an hour that of all her female friends.  
What grows less tired the more it works? A wagon-wheel.

The Prevarications of Col. Fremont to his Religious Sympathies.  
The New York Express, says the Union, has compiled an abstract from the testimony of the witnesses who have been brought forward by the black Republicans to prove that John C. Fremont has never been a Roman Catholic. Without any regard to the question whether he was ever a Catholic or not, the evidence ought to startle those supporters of Col. Fremont who profess to be impelled by religious considerations in urging his election. We quote the abstract:  
Never been in a Catholic Church in California.  
From John C. Fremont's conversation with Mr. Cook, of New York, authenticated by affidavit:  
"In regard to my being a Catholic while in California I can say that while there I labored exclusively, hard, and when Sunday came I was very much fatigued, and did not feel like going to church, although my wife did it when it was convenient. But I generally staid at home and spent my time in reading, writing, and attending to such matters of business as I considered of importance, and to my knowledge I WAS NEVER INSIDE of any church in California."  
Never been in a Catholic Church in Charleston.  
From Mr. J. G. Nelson's history of John C. Fremont's life while in Charleston:  
"I can vouch that Col. Fremont NEVER HAD HIS FOOT INSIDE A Catholic Church in Charleston, and never spoke to Bishop England in his life."  
Never been in a Catholic Church in Washington.  
From the speeches of John I. Singler, farmer, of Albany county, N. Y.:  
"I knew Col. Fremont well in Washington. I know he used to attend regularly at the Episcopal church, and I know from his own lips that he never was inside of a Catholic Church in Washington."  
Only been in a Catholic Church once.  
From a letter from E. Andrews, Esq., containing an account of conversation had with John C. Fremont himself in June last:  
"Col. Fremont did say to me that he had no recollection of being in a Roman Catholic church but once in his life, and that it was on the occasion of the marriage of a personal friend of his who chose to be married according to the rites of the church. Mr. B. was present, and heard the conversation."  
Only Twice.  
From the statement of a correspondent of the Boston Journal, whose veracity is guaranteed by the editor of that paper:  
"In conversation with Col. Fremont this morning, I asked him explicitly, did I might authoritatively deny the story concerning his religion; Colonel, are you a Roman Catholic? To which he replied: 'I am not, nor have I ever been; and but twice during my natural life do I remember to have been inside a Roman Catholic church.'"  
Only Four Times.  
From the conversation of John C. Fremont during an interview with Hon. Timothy Davis:  
"I know very little of the Catholic religion at all. I have never taken any interest in it, and I am certain I was never in a Catholic church more than four times in my life."  
Only Six Times.  
From the statement of the editor of the New York Evening Post, who, with other ministers, visited Fremont for the purpose of questioning him on his religious belief:  
"When assertion was made to the persistent assertions that he was a Catholic, he replied that he could not imagine how such a story took its rise, for that, in fact, he had hardly seen a dozen of a Catholic Church more than half-a-dozen times in his life, and then upon occasions of public interest or curiosity."  
Only Twelve or Fifteen Times.  
From the statement of a correspondent of the Dunkirk Tribune, the authenticity of which is endorsed by the editor of the Tribune:  
"In response to a question which I asked, as to how many times he had attended a Catholic Church, he replied:—'Possibly twelve or fifteen times, not more, and never except from motives of curiosity.'"  
An Indefinite Number of Times.  
From the statement of H. F. Randolph, of Ithaca, New York, who had a personal interview with Mr. Fremont:  
"Col. Fremont said he did not sympathize with the Roman Catholic religion, and had not patronized their churches in California as often as had been represented."  
Gentlemen of the jury, what verdict do you render upon this testimony? Is this witness on the stand—a witness who equivocates and prevaricates—worthy of belief?  
Mr. Greeley's admission that he does not wish his readers to believe the election of Fremont a fixed fact, and that he considers the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Indiana, Illinois and California still doubtful, reminds us of an anecdote we once heard of a lame captain who mustered his men for action, and thus addressed them: "Officers and men, the bravery and superior number of our enemies convince me that we shall have hard fighting, and in all probability will be defeated. As I am lame, I will retreat now." Greeley's faith is evidently lame.